

Book of Tears

A Collection of my Poetry

Von Ignis_Fatuus

Growing Cold

Growing cold to all their jeers
Weeping always silent tears
The friend you trusted fell so deep
Another reason there to weep

The words of aid ignored
Meeting one convinced heart
Placed your trust into the friend
Truth was always there to bend

Now it is a well known lore
No one there to carry anymore
Until you realized it was your trust
Placed into the wrong destroyed it fast

Took a mask, pretended hope
Around your neck you felt the rope
The soul and heart escaped scarred
Not the body stayed unhurt

Soon the last bearers of your trust
Decided you must change at last
Always crying salty tears
You ignored now all their fears

Until you fled across the sea
And you thought you were now free
But coming back you knew
It was all sure not true

They broke the valued gift so rare
And turned your hope into a mare
Always telling you to change
You knew it was outside your range

Hopes you had when coming back
Are turned into a worthless wreck
Understanding is not there
You retreat back in your lair

You grew cold to all their jeers
You still hold back your salty tears
But trust you know to keep
Until you do the daring leap